THIS BRYAN OF NEBRASKA GETS WHAT HE WANTS

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get together. It could be done, he said, if Hitchcock would do these three things:

1. Accept prohibition and women's suffrage.

2. Open no fight on either of them after election.

3. Pledge himself to vote for funds for stricter dry enforcement.

Hitchcock filed for senator and two days later accepted Bryan's statement. "Brother Charley" filed for governor on the last afternoon of the last day, and the campaign was on.

Both men coasted through the primaries in good shape, but met strong Republicans at the general election. Hitchcock's opponent was R. B. Howell, an Omaha progressive, who had led a fight for, and was operating, a municipal water plant there. "Brother Charley" was pitted against Charles H. Randall, conservative, a state senator and president of the Bankers' Association of Nebraska.

AN ATTACK ON BROTHER "BILL"

The two parties sent men out to stump the state and "W. J." came in to talk for "Brother Charley" and Hitchcock, causing their opponents to scream, "The Bryans have gone over to the 'wets.' Here's Bill Jennings talking for Hitchcock, himself."

The screaming got pretty loud and the campaign very hot, but election day saw one man from each party going into office—"Brother Charley" being elected by a 50,000 majority and Howell by 75,000. Hitchcock attributed his defeat to German and Irish votes going against him through his support of the administration's side of the Versailles treaty, which the Germans thought was too harsh and the Irish looked upon as a blow at Irish freedom.

What is "Brother Charley" going to try hardest to do as Nebraska's governor?

Reduce taxes.

"Get 'em down, get 'em down, get 'em down," has been the chant of the people there, as in almost every other state in the Union, and "Brother Charley" plans to start a fight toward that end the moment he is seated in the executive chair, January 4, 1923, and keep it up until he gets action on the matter.

There are other points he plans to put through — matters that deal strictly with Nebraska—but the tax question is first and foremost on his list of chores. He is going to have a Republican legislature to battle, but he just grins, with a slight hitching up his trousers and doubling up his fists attitude on that score. "Brother Charley" has fought before. He loves a scrap!

What is the man like, himself?

He reminds one of a very business-like, up-to-date farmer, a man, say, who has a couple of ranches and a host of other interests on his hands, which, incidentally, "Brother Charley" has.

He is a big man, with a round, good looking face, a gray mustache and the Bryan hair—none. He is given to small black bow ties, the fashionable ones of the day, not the string ones "W. J." uses on the lecture platform. He wears glasses and when talking to one has just one nervous habit—he puts his hat on, takes it off, puts it on, takes it off. He doesn't realize he's doing it.

His office—The Commoner office—at Thirteenth and N streets, Lincoln, fairly shouts of mementoes of the former political fights he and "W. J." have gone through. There's a framed cartoon on the wall, dating back to the 1912 campaign, entitled "The Sacrifice Hit." It shows "W. J." at bat, hitting a hot liner which catches Charley Murphy, Tammany leader, the pitcher, on the nose while Woodrow Wilson scores from third base. There is another framed cartoon, dating back to 1896, and a framed editorial of that date.

The walls bear pictures of "W. J.," Woodrow Wilson, at Wilson cabinet meeting when "W. J." was secretary of state, and of personal friends. Hanging in the place of honor is the big red, white and blue metal standard of the Nebraska delegation at the 1896 convention. "Brother Charley's" three chief office assistants, a woman and two men, seem as much a part of the place as the pictures themselves. They have been with him a small matter of twenty-seven, twenty-five and twenty-two years, respectively.

"Brother Charley," his wife and his 21-year-old daughter, Marylouise—all run together that way because statisticians and school teachers insisted on shortening the name to Mary— live at their home at Seventeenth and B streets, Lincoln. They will move into the executive mansion which has been unoccupied four years, when "Brother Charley" goes into office, January 1.

"We can entertain our friends better there," the Bryans say.

Those friends—well, to put it slangily, they're the one thing that Lincoln "is fullest of." There are the friends who belong to the Bryan's dancing and Saturday night "get together" clubs—such as the McKelvies, the retiring gubernatorial family, for instance—and there are the friends who just know "Brother Charley" by sight, but for whom he reduced the coal prices last winter and the ice prices this summer and who haven't forgotten those fights, nor ever will.

The latter branch of friends, and many of the former, marched up to "Brother Charley's" house the Thursday night after election to hold a ratification meeting. They hired a band and gathered recruits as they marched down O street until there were seven hundred of them when they finally massed on "Brother Charley's front porch and front yard and all over the adjacent neighborhood.

"This is quite unexpected," he said. "We can't give you refreshments—though if you wait a little while we'll try to do our best—but I want you all to come in and say 'Hello,' because I want you to meet Mrs. Bryan."

So the seven hundred flocked in—firemen off railroad trains, laborers in their work clothes, all shaking hands with the governor and "the governor's lady," and exchanging a laughing remark or two. It was one of the most remarkable receptions